THE SORTER MAN JIM IS.

Never wore a fancy collar
For a pair of shiny heels;
Never owned a fancy trotter
Ner went out on champagne tools;
Never wore a pair of trousers
But his mother wove an' spun;
Never used to lie to women
As the other fellers done;
Never used an ounce of black'ns'
On his boots to make 'em shine,
But he quite preferred that taller,
Well rubbed in, was somethin' fine;
Never took to novel readin',
But would set all night to hark
To some old school politicians
How the Andrew Jackson spark;
Never seemed to care for frolics
Nor the fun that youngsters found
In the cheese house where the ruffles
Used to ring with merry sound;
Never noticed of the capers
That his brothers used to bring;
Never took to silly nonsense
Sich as boys an' girls'll fling;
Led a life as nice an' modest
As a boy could ever lead;
Never made his father trouble
Ner his mother's heart to bleed.
That's the sorter boy that Jimmy
Was a dozen years ago,
But he found a nut an' cracked it—
An' he's no more counted slow.
For he broke up the old meader
An' he made the gravel winter,
An' he found a vein of yaller—
That's the sorter man Jim is.

—Arkansaw Traveler.

THE BURIED BUNGALOW.

"What can this mean?" asked I, reining up my horse close to the dense milk-thorn hedge that shut in Mr. Warren's pretty house and its garden, gay with flowers, from the tea plantations, the green valley, the upland pastures and the dazzling peaks of the Himalayas soaring overhead. There, on a fragment of rock, stood the well known, tall form of the planter himself, angrily confronting a motley mob of natives—some tawny, some yellow skinned, and a few nearly black. These, although they had flung aside hoe and spade, I knew to be the coolies employed at the prosperous hill station, where such a scene of confusion had been hitherto unknown.

"The scoundrels are going to leave me—that's all!" said Mr. Warren, curtly. And at that instant there stepped forward in advance of the rest a gaunt Tibetan, clad in sheepskins, who, ceremoniously, with perfect gravity, placed on the ground a fragment of wheaten cake, a handful of salt and a lota, or brass drinking cup, nearly filled with coins, from silver rupees to copper pice. Then, pointing with a peeled willow wand that he held in his hand, to the food and the money thrice, he snapped in twain the slender stock, and with bent head and downcast mien stood motionless, as though waiting to be questioned.

"What mummery is this?" asked I, in an undertone. My intended father-in-law, who knew the people and the country better than I did, shook his head.

"It means mischief," he whispered. "Something has terrified the superstitious curs; and see! They renounce my bread and salt, return the advance of wages, and break the wand, in token that they are my men no more. You mean," he added, harshly, in the Bengali dialect, "to desert me, then, Han Gorain!"

"The Sahib Warren is a good master," replied the Tibetan, in the same language. "If we go, it is because the evil eye has looked upon this threshold, and the voice that never lies has laid a curse on Yirmi Sou and all that dwell there."

The man spoke slowly and with some difficulty, such as besets those who use a foreign tongue imperfectly mastered; but he had uttered his brief speech with emphasis, and with a certain dignity of bearing. Behind him stood the Tibetans and hill men—sturdy fellows on whom devolved the rough work of trenching and dyke building, while a little way off clustered the dusky coolies from India proper, their lips tightened over their shining teeth, and in attitudes expressive of the most abject servility. Clearly there was no stimulus short of physical fear which would have nerved these crouching creatures to disobey the Burra Sahib, or owner of the plantation, whose lightest word had been law to his meek subordinates.

"If the Sahib will harken to the counsel of the poor," said the spokesman, after a pause, "he and his will hasten away before"—

But here Mr. Warren lost patience, and interrupted the orator, roundly rebuking the whole gang as a pack of craven hounds, frightened at their own shadows, and without a spark of manliness to redeem them. Were it worth while, he said, he could gallop over to the nearest magistrate and enforce the performance of the contract under pain of flogging and imprisonment, but he wanted no half hearts in his service, so they might go. "You hear me!" he thundered, silencing Han Gorain's fresh effort to speak; and the men slunk away cowed, as Orientals usually are, by this undoubting assertion of authority.

The planter recovered his temper as soon as the recusants had departed, and laid his broad hand on my shoulder, saying, with a jolly laugh, "A lesson, George, my boy, as to the thorns that will lie in your path when you and Edith live here in my stead, as I hope you'll do, after the gathering in of the next tea crop, and set to to feather your nest, as her mother and I have done. I thought better things, too, of the overseer—that Han Gorain, who, before some heathen bogie scared him, was a shrewd and reliable servant. But never mind! Come in, Musgrave, come in! The person from Nyneo Tal is here already, and you must help the bride expectant to entertain him until dinner time."

Pretty Edith, who was on the morrow to become my wife, smiled away any uncomfortable feelings which the conduct of Han Gorain and his companions had left behind; and neither she nor her parents, nor Mr. Edwards, the clergyman—who had come over expressly to perform the marriage ceremony—seemed to attach any importance to the panic among the coolies.

"It was something," explained Mr. Warren, "about Alp Dagh, the big mountain at the foot of which we live; but I have been a planter here too long to care for the tattle of coolies. They are like children who tell of the nursery ghost until they see it in every dark corner. A delightful life I should have led here had I been credulous."

And with that he dismissed the subject, and the evening passed genially enough. Later on, however, after the whispered farewell to my sweet Edith in the porch, draped with the glistening leaves and big white blossoms of the Indian creeper, after the ride home to my own dwelling among the hills, and when my head rested on its pillow, a vague sense of insecurity beset me afresh; and even when I fell asleep my dreams were troubled and evil, not such as should visit the slumbers of one on whom the world smiled as it did on me, George Musgrave. The dawning of the new day—my wedding day—however, chased away the clouds from my mind, and when I mounted my horse to ride to Yirmi Sou, attired as a bridegroom should be, my heart was light and full of happy hope. Edith loved me better than I deserved—I knew that: that it was her father's intention to establish the young couple on his own fine plantation, while he and Mrs. Warren returned to England to enjoy their well earned competency.

The day was fine—no rarity in the east—but a sort of silver haze hung over the peaks northward, and there were frequent gusts of ice cold winds rushing down from gap and pass in the rocky range that forms the boundary of India. I rode on, and presently, from an angle in the mountain road, I caught a glimpse of the "Twenty Springs," as Mr. Warren's thriving station was called, with its gardens and meadows, and the now deserted plantations, and the empty huts of the coolies. Then I turned the corner and saw it no more; but even as it vanished from my eyes I heard a strange, deep sound like that of distant thunder, the nature of which I could not divine. My horse suddenly snorted and reared, and then stood trembling and could scarcely be urged forward. While I was in the act of stooping forward to pat the Arab's glossy neck, speaking soothingly to him the while, there broke upon my ear a sullen roar—louder, nearer, at each instant, and culminating in a crash so dreadful that the simultaneous discharge of a thousand cannons would have seemed puny when compared with it.

Deafened, dizzy and confused, I dismounted from my frightened horse, now wholly unmanageable, and hurried on foot to a spot whence, as I remembered, Edith's home was in sight. The air was thick with dust and withered leaves; but as the prospect grew clearer I could see no trace of the bungalow, of its homestead and gardens, or of the thriving tea plantations and verdant meadows around it. Vainly did I strain my eyes to catch one well known feature of the familiar scene. Nothing was visible save a dreary waste of stones, mud and rocks filling up half the valley, and above which hung a cloud of tawny dust that was slowly subsiding.

As I stood stupidly gazing on the scene of ruin, I caught sight of a man, bareheaded, and with a white scared face. I knew him. It was the young clergyman who had come from Nyneo Tal to perform the marriage ceremony between Edith and me.

"Mr. Edwards?" I said, inquiringly, as I neared him.

He caught my hand, covered his face and burst into tears. Then, for the first time, I realized what fear was.

"For pity's sake, tell me all!" cried I, hoarsely. "Is Miss Warren—is Edith safe? What has"—

"Of all beneath that roof—the roof of Mr. Warren's hospitable house—I alone am spared," answered the clergyman in broken accents. "Death, the grim mower, has garnered in his harvest there."

The cause of the disaster was but too evident. A stone avalanche, or moraine, as it is called in Switzerland, had rushed down from the unscaled heights of the huge mountain towering above Yirmi Sou, and had overwhelmed all beneath it.

"I caught a glimpse of Miss Warren in the garden, as the stony flood burst on us with its deafening roar," said the clergyman, as he grew calmer; "it may be that God's mercy has spared her life, too."

And indeed I have much to be thankful for, since my dear Edith was found, fainting, but unhurt, at the foot of a tall cedar, the only tree left standing, wedged in between fallen rocks. But the other inmates of the house had perished, nor were even their bodies ever extricated from the mighty mausoleum which nature's own hand had piled above them. Edith and I have been married these five years, but our home is in England, not in India; and sometimes, when I see a shadow come across my wife's fair face, I know that she is thinking of those who sleep below the cruel stones at Yirmi Sou.—Albany Journal.

The Music of Mozart.

The neglect of Mozart in these days is a circumstance to be deeply regretted, as the works of that composer are calculated, above all others, to promote a healthy development of the musical instinct. But the present rage for sensationalism, which may be designated as the triumph of matter over mind, has exercised such a mischievous influence that it has now become the fashion to decry Mozart as altogether too trivial and plain spoken for modern taste. The pianist who who prepares for his task as though he were a pugilist about to enter in a fistic encounter, and commits an aggravated assault on the unfortunate piano, thereby appealing chiefly to the lower instincts of his auditors—who prefer to be astonished rather than edified—is now in favor.

The result is that the true standard of art has been lowered, and the exquisite grace and inspired charm of the author of "Don Giovanni" have been superseded by the noisy and too often incoherent ravings of modern composers of the so called advanced school. Of course every real artist must be thoroughly equipped and equal to every mechanical difficulty to be met with in the works of composers of all schools, but his executive powers must be governed by a becoming reticence when dealing with classical works, which are not written for the mere purpose of displaying the performer's digital agility or powers of endurance. A reverent study of Mozart's piano works is, above all things, calculated to check the effusive personality which is so unpleasant a feature in the case of a large number of modern players, both public and private.—Boston Musical Herald.

A Woman's Peculiarities.

The manners of women in public conveyances vary, but they all get off a street car in the same way. Watch any particular one. She motions to the conductor and slides to the edge of the seat, on which she sits perfectly still until the car comes to a full stop. Then she walks calmly to the platform. On the lower step she hesitates, leans forward, looks up the street, looks down the street, looks across the street, gathers up her skirts, peops down and back to see that they are not too high for propriety, glances shyly up to see if the impertinent men are staring, takes another look around the horizon and departs. The conductor jerks the bell strap with pernicious activity, glares at the woman until she reaches the sidewalk and then hastily scans the faces of the men on the platform. He is looking for sympathy. But he gets none. Every glance is sharpened at the fair creature who has just alighted.—New York Tribune.

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